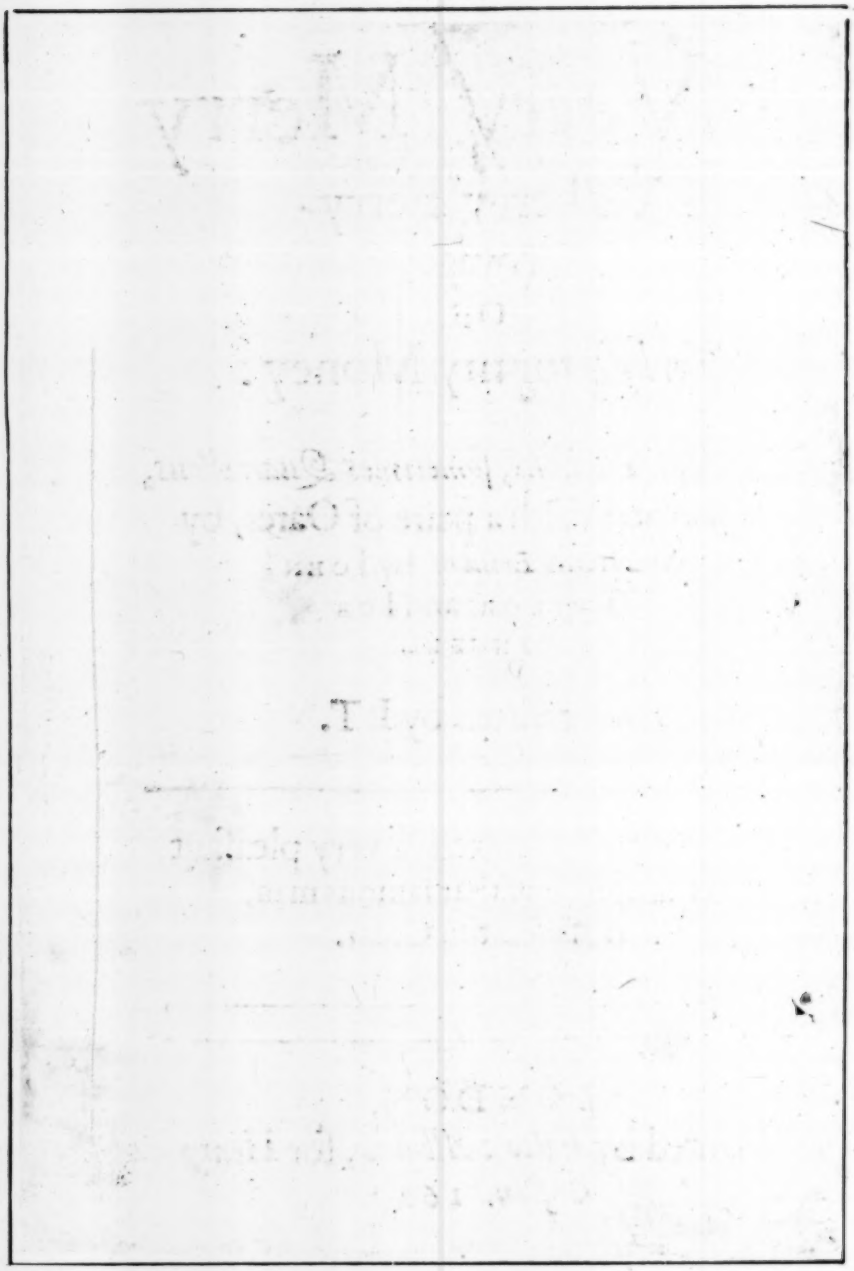
A Verry Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage: OR *Yorke* for my Money:

Sometimes Perilous, ſometimes Quarrellous, Performed with a paire of Oares, by Sea from *London*, by IOHN TAYLOR, and IOB PENNELL.

And written by I. T.

Whereunto is annexed a very pleaſant Diſcription of that famous man, *OTvole* the Great.

LONDON.
Printed by *Edw: All-de*, for *Henry Goſſon*. 1623.





As much Happineſſe as may be wiſhed, attend the Two hopefull Impes, of Gentility and Learning, Mr. RICHARD and GEORGE HATTON.

YOu forward Payre, in Towardly Deſignes,
To you I ſend theſe ſowſde Salt-water Lines:
Accept, Reade, Laugh, and breath, and to't againe,
And ſtill my Muſe, and I, ſhall yours Remaine.

Iohn Taylor.

Prologue.

I Now intend a Voyage heere to Write,
From *London* vnto *Yorke*, helpe to Indite
Great *Neptune!* lend thy Ayde to me, who paſt
Through thy tempeſtuous Waues with many (a blaſt.
And then I'le true deſcribe the Townes, & men
And manners, as I went and came agen.

A very

A very Merry VVherry-Ferry-Voyage,

Or, *Yorke* for my Money.

THE Yeare which I doe call as others doe,
Full 1600. adding Twenty [a] two:
The Month of *Iuly*, that's for euer fam'd,
(Becauſe 'twas ſo by [b] *Iulius Cæſar* nam'd,)
Iuſt when ſixe dayes, and to each Day a Night,
The dogged [c] Dog-dayes had began to bite,
On that day which doth bleſt Remembrance bring,
The name of an Apoſtle, and our King,
On that remarkeable good day, Saint *Iames*
I vndertooke my Voyage downe the *Thames*.
The Signe in [d] *Cancer*, or the Ribs and Breſt,
And *Æolus* blewe ſweetly Weſt Southweſt.
Then after many farewels, Cups and Glaſſes,
(Which oftentimes hath made men worſe then Aſſes)
About the waſte or [e] Nauell of the Day,
Not being dry or Drunke, I went my way.
Our Wherry ſomewhat olde, or ſtrucke in age,
That had endur'd neere 4. yeares Pilgrimage,
And carried honeſt people, Whores, and Thieues,
Some Sergeants, Bayliffes, and ſome [f] vnder-Shrieues,
And now at laſt it was her lot to be
Th'aduent'rous bonny Barke to carry me.
But as an olde Whores Beauty being gone
Hides Natures wracke, with Artlike painting on:

[a] The yeare of our Lord

[b] *Iuly* was nam'd ſo by *Cæſar*.

[c] The Dog-dayes were 6. dayes entred.

[d] I obſerue ſignes, windes, Tides, dayes, houres, times, Scituations & manners.

[e] Noone if you'le take it ſo.

[f] Boats are like Barbars Chairs Hackneyes or Whores: common to all eſtates.

So I with Colours finely did repaire
My Boates defaults, and made her freſh and faire.
Thus being furniſh'd with good Wine and Beere,
And Bread and Meate (to baniſh hungers feare)
With Sayles, with Ancker, Cables, Sculs and Oares,
With Carde and Compaſſe, to know Seas and Shores,
With Lanthorne, Candle, Tinder-box and Match,
And with good Courage, to worke, ward, and watch,
Well man'd, well ſhip'd, well victual'd, well appointed,
Well in good health, well timberd and well ioynted:
All wholly well, and yet not halfe Fox'd well,
Twixt *Kent*, and *Eſſex*, we to *Graueſend* feil.
There I had welcome of my friendly Hoſt,
(A *Graueſend* Trencher, and a *Graueſend* Toſt)
Good meate and Lodging at an eaſie Rate,
And roſe betimes although I lay downe late.
Bright *Lucifer* the meſſenger of Day,
His burniſht twinkling ſplendour did diſplay:
Roſe cheek'd *Aurora* hid her bluſhing face,
She ſpying *Phœbus* comming gaue him place.
Whil'ſt *Zephirus*, and *Auſter*, mix'd together,
Breath'd gently, as fore-boding pleaſant weather.
Olde *Neptune* had his Daughter *Thames* ſupplide,
With ample meaſure of a flowing Tide,
But *Thames* ſuppoſde it was but borrowed goods,
And with her Ebbes, payde *Neptune* backe his Floods.
Then at the time of this Auſpicious dawning,
I rowz'd my men, who Scrubbing, ſtretching, yawning,
Aroſe, left *Graueſend*, Rowing downe the ſtreame,
And neere to *Lee*, wee to an Ancker came.
Becauſe the Sands were bare, and Water lowe,
We reſted there, till it two houres did Flowe:

And then to trauell went our Galley foyſt,
Our Ancker quickly weigh'd, our ſayle vp hoyſt,
Where thirty miles we paſt, a mile from ſhore,
The water two * foot deepe, or little more.
Thus paſt we on the braue Eaſt Saxon Coaſt,
From 3. at morne, till 2. at noone almoſt,
By *Shobury*, *Wakering*, *Fowleneſſe*, *Tittingham*,
And then we into deeper water came.
There is a crooked Bay runnes winding farre,
To *Maulden*, *Eſterford*, and *Colcheſter*,
Which cauſe 'twas much about, (to eaſe mens paine)
I left the Land, and put into the mayne.
With ſpeed, the crooked way to ſcape and paſſe,
I made out ſtraight for *Frinton*, and the *Naſſe*.
But being 3. Leagues then from any Land,
And holding of our Maine-ſheate in my hand,
We did eſpy a coleblacke Cloud to riſe,
Fore-runner of ſome Tempeſt from the Skies;
Scarce had we ſayl'd a hundred times our length,
But that the winde began to gather ſtrength:
Stiffe *Eolus*, with *Neptune* went to Cuffes,,
With huffes, and puffes, and angry counter-Buffes,
From boyſtrous guſts, they fell to fearefull flawes,
Whileſt we 'twixt winde & water, neere Death's jawes
Toſt like a Corke vpon the mounting maine,
Vp with a whiffe, and ſtraight way downe againe,
At which we in our mindes much troubled were,
And ſaid *God bleſſe vs all, what wether's heere?*
For (in a word) the Seas ſo high did growe,
That Ships were forc'd to ſtrike their topſailes lowe,
Meane time (before the winde) wee ſcudded braue,
Much like a Ducke, on top of euery waue.

*Theſe flat Sands are called the Spits.

But nothing violent is permanent,
And in ſhort ſpace away the Tempeſt went.
So farewell it; and you that Readers be
Suppoſe it was no welcome Gueſt to me:
My Company and I, it much perplext,
And let it come when I ſend for it next.
But leauing jeſting, Thankes to God I giue,
Twas through his mercy wee did ſcape and liue.
And though theſe thinges with mirth I doe expreſſe,
Yet ſtill I thinke on God with thankefulnes.
Thus ceaſt the Storme and weather gan to ſmile,
And we row'd neare the ſhoare of *Horſey* Ile.
Then did illuſtrious *Titan* gan to ſteepe
His Chariot in the Weſterne Ocean deepe:
We ſaw the farre ſpent Day, withdraw his light,
And made for *Harwich*, where we lay all night.
There did I finde an Hoſteſſe with a Tongue,
As nimble as it had on Gimmols hung:
Twill neuer tire, though it continuall toyl'd,
And went as yare, as if it had bin Oyl'd:
All's one for that, for ought which I perceiue,
It is a fault which all our Mothers haue:
And is ſo firmely grafted in the Sexe,
That hee's an Aſſe that ſeemes thereat to vexe.
Apollos beames began to guild the Hils,
And Weſt Southweſt the winde the Welkin fils.
When I left *Harwich*, and along we Row'd
Againſt a ſmooth calme flood that ſtifly flow'd,
By *Bawdſey* Hauen, and by *Orford Naſſe*,
And ſo by *Aldbrough* we at laſt did paſſe.
By *Leſtoffe*, we to *Yarmouth* made our way,
Our third dayes trauell being Saturday,

There

There did I ſee a Towne well fortifide,
Well gouern'd, with all Natures wants ſupplide,
The ſcituation in a wholſome ayre,
The Buildings (for the moſt part) ſumptuous, faire,
The people courteous, and induſtrious, and
With labour makes the Sea inrich the Land.
Beſides (for ought I know) this one thing more,
The Towne can ſcarcely yeeld a man a Whore:
It is renownd for Fiſhing farre and neere,
And ſure in *Britaine* it hath not a Peere.
But noble *Naſh* thy fame ſhall liue alwayes,
Thy witty Pamphlet, the red * Herring praiſe,
Hath done great *Yarmouth* much renowned right,
And put my artleſſe Muſe to ſilence quite:
On Sunday we a learned Sermon had,
Taught to confirme the good, reforme the bad;
Acquaintance in the Towne I ſcarce had any,
And ſought for none, in feare to finde too many,
Much kindneſſe to me by mine Hoſt was done,
(A Marriner * nam'd *William Richardſon*)
Beſides mine Hoſteſſe gaue to me at laſt
A Cheeſe, with which at Sea we brake our faſt,
The guift was round, and had no end indeed,
But yet we made an end of it with ſpeed:
My thankes ſurmounts her bounty, all men ſees
My gratitudes in Print: But where's the *Cheeſe?*
So on the Monday, betwixt one and twaine,
I tooke my leaue, and put to Sea againe.
Downe *Yarmouth* Roade we row'd with cutting ſpeed,
(The winde all quiet, Armes muſt doe the deed)
Along by *Caſtor*, and Sea-bordring Townes,
Whoſe Cliffes & ſhores abide ſtorme *Neptunes* frownes,

Some-

* It hath not a fellow in *England* for Fiſhing. A Booke called the praiſe of the red Herring.

*And a ſhip Carpenter.

Sometimes a mile from land, and ſometimes two,
(As depthes or ſands permitted vs to doe)
Till drawing toward night, we did perceiue
The winde at Eaſt, and Seas began to heaue:
The rowling Billowes all in fury roares
And tumbled vs, we ſcarce could vſe our Oares:
Thus on a Lee-ſhore, darkneſſe gan to come,
The Sea grew high, the windes gan hiſſe and hum:
The foaming curled waues the ſhore did beate,
(As if the Ocean would all *Norfolke* eate)
To keepe at Sea, was dangerous I did thinke,
To goe to Land I ſtood in doubt to ſinke:
Thus landing, or not landing (I ſuppos'd)
We were in perill * round about inclos'd;
At laſt to rowe to ſhore I thought it beſt,
Mongſt many euils, thinking that the leaſt:
My men all pleaſde to doe as I command,
Did turne the Boates head oppoſite to land,
And with the higheſt waue that I could ſpie,
I bad them Rowe to ſhore immediatly.
When ſtraight we all leap'd ouer-boord in haſt,
Some to the knees, and ſome vp to the waſte,
Where ſodainly twixt Owle-light and the darke,
We pluck'd the Boat beyond high-water marke.
And thus halfe ſowſde, halfe ſtewd, with Sea and ſweat
We land at *Cromer* Towne halfe dry, halfe wet.
But we ſuppoſing all was ſafe and well
In ſhunning * *Silla*, on *Caribdis* fell:
For why ſome Women, and ſome Children there
That ſaw vs land, were all poſſeſt with feare:
And much amazde, ranne crying vp and downe,
That Enemies were come to take the Towne.

* We were in a puzzel

* We were like Flounders aliue in a frying-pan, that leap'd into the fire to ſaue themſelues.

Some

Some ſaid that we were Pyrats, ſome ſaid Theeues,
And what the women ſayes, the men beleeues.
With that foure Conſtables did quickly call,
Your ayde! to Armes you men of *Cromer* all!
Then ſtraitway forty men with ruſty Bills,
Some arm'd in Ale, all of approued skills,
Deuided into foure ſtout Regiments,
To guard the Towne from dangerous Euents;
Braue Captaine * *Peſcod* did the Vantguard lead,
And Captaine *Clarke* the Rereward gouerned,
Whilſt Captaine *Wiſeman*, and hot Captaine *Kimble*,
Were in the mayne Battalia fierce and nimble:
One with his ſquadron watch'd me all the night,
Leaſt from my lodging I ſhould take my flight:
A ſecond (like a man of ſimple note)
Did by the Sea ſide all night watch my Boate,
The other two, to make their names Renownd,
Did Guard the Towne, and brauely walke the Rownd.
And thus my Boat, my ſelfe, and all my men,
Were ſtoutly Guarded, and Regarded then:
For they were all ſo full with feare poſſeſt,
That without mirth it cannot be exdreſt.
My Inuention doth Curuet, my Muſe doth Caper,
My Pen doth daunce out lines vpon the Paper,
And in a word, I am as full of mirth,
As mighty men are at their firſt ſonnes birth.
Me thinkes *Moriſcoes* are within my braines,
And *Heyes* and *Antiques* run through all my vaines:
Heigh, to the tune of *Trenchmoore* I could write
The valiant men of *Cromers* ſad affright:
As Sheepe doe feare the Wolfe, or Geeſe the Fox,
So all amazed were theſe ſenceleſſe Blockes:

* Theſe were the names of the cumberſome *Cromerian* Conſtables.

That

That had the Towne beene fir'd, it is a doubt,
But that the women there had piſt it out,
And from the men Reek'd ſuch a fearefull ſent,
That People three * miles thence mus'd what it meant,
And he the truth that narrowly had ſifted,
Had found the Conſtables, had need t'haue ſhifted.
They did examine me, I anſwer'd than
I was *Iohn Taylor*, and a Waterman,
And that my honeſt fellow *Iob* and I,
Were ſeruants to *King Iames* his Maieſtie,
How we to *Yorke*, vpon a Mart were bound,
And that we landed, fearing to be drownd:
When all this would not ſatisfie the Crew,
I freely op'd my Trunke, and bad them view,
I ſhew'd them Bookes, of Chronicles and Kings,
Some Proſe, ſome Verſe, and idle Sonettings,
I ſhewed them all my Letters to the full:
Some to *Yorkes* Archbiſhop, and ſome to *Hull*,
But had the twelue Apoſtles ſure beene there
My witneſſes, I had beene nere the * neere.
And let me vſe all Oathes that I could vſe,
They ſtill were harder of beliefe then Iewes.
They wanted faith, and had reſolu'd before,
Not to beleeue what e're we ſaid or ſwore.
They ſaid the world was full of much deceit,
And that my Letters might be * counterfeit:
Beſides, there's one thing bred the more diſlike,
Becauſe mine Hoſt was knowne a Catholike.
Theſe things concurring, people came in Cluſters,
And multitudes within my lodging Muſters,
That I was almoſt wooried vnto death,
In danger to be ſtifled with their breath.

* People did come thither 3. or 5. miles about, to know what the matter was.

* I had as good to haue ſaid nothing.

* Diligent Officers:

And had mine Hoſt tooke pence a peece of thoſe
Who came to gaze on me, I doe ſuppoſe,
No *Iack* an *Apes*, *Baboone*, or *Crocodile*
'Ere got more money in ſo ſmall a * while.
Beſides, the Peſants did this one thing more,
They call'd and dranke foure ſhillings on my ſcore:
And like vnmanner'd Mungrells went their way,
Not ſpending aught, but leauing me to * pay.
This was the houſhold buſineſſe, in meane ſpace
Some Raſcals ran vnto my Boate apace,
And turn'd and tumbled her, like men of *Gotham*,
Quite topſie turuy vpward with her bottome,
Vowing they would in tatters piece-meale teare,
The curſed Pyrates Boate, that bred their feare;
And I am ſure, their madneſſe (to my harme)
Tore a Boord out, much longer then mine arme.
And they ſo bruis'd, and ſplit our Wherry, that
She leak'd, we caſt out water with a Hat.
Now let men iudge, vpon theſe truthes reuealing,
If Turkes or Mores could vſe more barbarous dealing,
Or whether it be fit I ſhould not write,
Their enuie, fooliſh feare, and mad deſpight.
What may wiſe men conceiue, when they ſhall note
That fiue vnarm'd men, in a Wherry Boate,
Nought to defend, or to offend with ſtripes
But one old * ſword, and two Tobacco-Pipes,
And that of Conſtables a Murniuall,
Men, women, children, all in generall,
And that they all ſhould be ſo valiant, wiſe,
To feare we would a Market Towne ſurpriſe!
In all that's writ I vow I am no lyer,
I muſe the Beacons were not ſet on fire.

* The dancing on the Ropes, or a Pupper play, had come ſhort of his takings, accounting time for time.

* This was more then I could willingly afford.

* And the ſword was ruſty with Salt-water, that it had needed a quarters warning ere it would come out.

The

The dreadfull names of *Talbot*, or of *Drake*,
Ne're made the foes of *England* more to quake
Then I made *Cromer*, for their feare and dolour,
*A braue sent. Each man might smell out by his Neighbours Collor.
At last the ioyfull morning did approach,
And *Sol* began to mount his flaming Coach,
Then did I thinke my Purgatory done,
And rose betimes intending to be gone;
But holla, stay, *'twas otherwayes*, with me
The nesse of Constables were shrunke to three:
Sweet Mr. *Pestods* double diligence
Had horst himselfe, to beare intelligence,
To Iustices of Peace within the land,
What dangerous businesse there was now in hand,
There was I forc'd to tarry all the while,
Till some said he rode foure and twenty mile,
In seeking men of worship, peace and *quorum*,
Most wisely to declare strange newes before vm.
And whatsoeuer tales he did recite,
I'm sure he caus'd Sir *Austine Palgraue*, Knight,
And Mr. *Robert Kempe* a Iustice there
Came before me, to know how matters were.
As conference twixt them and I did passe,
They quickly vnderstood me, what I was:
And though they knew me not in prose and lookes,
They had read of me in my verse, and bookes,
My businesses account I there did make,
And I and all my Company did take,
The lawfull Oath of our Allegeance then,
By which we were beleeu'd for honest men.
In duty, and in all humility
I doe acknowledge the kinde courtesie

Of thoſe two Gentlemen: for they did ſee,
How much the people were deceiu'd in me.
They gaue me Coyne, and Wine and Suger too,
And did as much as lay in them to doe
To finde them that my Boat had torne and rent,
And ſo to giue them worthy puniſhment.
Beſides Sir * *Auſtin Palgraue*, bad me this,
To goe but foure miles, where his Dwelling is,
And I and all my Company ſhould there
Finde friendly Welcome, mixd with other Cheare.
I gaue them thankes, and ſo ſle giue them ſtill,
And did accept their Cheare in their goodwill.
Then 3. a Clocke at afternoone and paſt,
I was Diſchargd from *Cromer* at the laſt.
But for men ſhall not thinke that Enuiouſly
Againſt this Towne I let my Lines to flye:
And that I doe not lye, or ſcoffe, or fable,
For them I will write ſomething Charitable.
It is an Ancient Market Towne that ſtands
Vpon a lofty Cliffe of mouldring Sands:
The Sea againſt the Cliffes doth daily beate,
And euery tyde into the Land doth eate,
The Towne is poore, vnable by Expence,
Againſt the raging Sea to make defence:
And euery day it eateth further in,
Still waſting, waſhing downe the ſand doth win.
That if ſome courſe be not tane ſpeedily,
The Towne 's in danger in the Sea to lye.
A goodly Church ſtands on theſe brittle grounds,
Not many fairer in Great *Britaines* bounds:
And if the Sea ſhould ſwallow't, as ſome feare,
Tis not ten thouſand pounds the like could Reare.

* He would haue had vs to haue ſtayed 3. or foure dayes with him.

No

No Chriſtian man can behold it but with griefe,
And with my heart I wiſh them quicke reliefe.
So farewell *Cromer*, I haue ſpoke for thee,
Though thou didſt much vnkindly deale with me,
And honeſt Marriners, I thanke you there,
Laboriouſly you in your armes did beare
My Boat for me three furlongs at the leaſt,
When as the tyde of Ebbe was ſo decreaſt,
You waded, and you launch'd her quite afloate,
And on your backes you bore vs to our Boate.
Th'vnkindnes that I had before, it come
Becauſe the Conſtables were troubleſome:
Long'd to be buſie, would be men of action,
Whoſe labours was their trauels ſatisfaction,
Who all were borne when wit was out of Towne,
And therefore got but little of their owne:
So farewell *Peſcod*, *Wiſeman*, *Kimble*, * *Clarke*,
Foure ſonnes of *Ignorance* (or much more darke)
You made me looſe a day of braue calme weather,
So once againe farewell, fare ill together.
Then longſt the *Norfolke* Coaſt we rowde out-right
To *Blackney*, when we ſaw the comming Night,
The burning-*eye* of Day began to winke,
And into *Thetis* lap his beames to ſhrinke:
And as he went ſtain'd the departed Skie,
With red, blew, purple, and vermillion dye.
Till all our Hemiſphere laments his lacke,
And mourning night puts on a Robe of blacke,
Beſpangled diuerſly with golden ſparkes,
Some moueable, ſome Sea-mens fixed markes.
The milky way that bleſt *Aſtrea* went,
When as ſhe left this Earthly continent,

* They longd for imployment, & rather then be idle would be ill occupied.

Shew'

Shew'd like a Chriſtall cawſey to the Thrones
Of *Ioue* and *Saturne*, pau'd with precious Stones.
Olde *Oceanus*, *Neptune*, * *Innachus*,
And two and thirty huffe-capt *Eolus*,
Had all tane truce and were in league combin'd,
No billowes foaming, or no breath of Winde;
The ſolid Earth, the Ayre, the Ocean deepe
Seem'd as the whole world had bin faſt aſleepe.
In ſuch a pleaſant euen as this came I
To *Blackney*, with my Ship and Company:
Whereas I found my entertainment good
For welcome, drinking, lodging, and for food.
The morrow when *Latonaes* Sonne gan riſe,
And with his Light illumines mortall eyes:
When Cockes did crow, and Lambes did bleat & blea,
I mounted from my Couch, and put to Sea.
Like Glaſſe the Oceans face was ſmooth and calme,
The gentle Ayre breath'd like *Arabian* Balme
Guſts, ſtormes and flawes, lay ſleeping in their Celles,
Whileſt with much labour we Row'd o're the *Welles*.
This was our greateſt * Day of worke indeed.
And it behoou'd vs much, to make much ſpeed,
For why before that day did quite expire
We paſt the dangerous *Waſh*, to *Lincolnſhire*.
And there in three houres ſpace and little more
We Row'd to *Boſton*, from the *Norfolke* ſhore:
Which by Report of people that dwell there,
Is ſixe and twenty mile or very neare.
The way vnknowne, and we no Pilate had,
Flats, Sands and ſhoales; and Tides all raging mad,
Which Sands our paſſage many times denide,
And put vs ſometimes * three or foure miles wide,

* The God of Riuers, Springs, Brookes, Foords and Fountains.

* We Rowed aboue 100. miles that day.

* Sands lying crookedly in our way, making vs goe 3. or foure miles about at low water.

Beſides the Flood runnes there, with ſuch great force,
That I imagine it out-runnes a Horſe:
And with a head ſome 4. foot high that Rores,
It on the ſodaine ſwels and beates the Shores.
It tumbled vs a ground vpon the Sands,
And all that wee could doe with wit, or hands,
Could not reſiſt it, but we were in doubt
It would haue beaten our Boates bottome out.
It hath leſſe mercy then *Beare*, *Wolfe*, or *Tyger*,
And in thoſe Countries it is call'd the * *Hyger*.
We much were vnacquainted with thoſe faſhions,
And much it troubled vs with ſundry paſſions:
We thought the ſhore we neuer ſhould recouer,
And look'd ſtill when our Boate would tumble ouer.
But *He* that made all with his word of might,
Brought vs to *Boſton*, where we lodg'd all night.
The morrow morning, when the Sunne gan peepe.
I wak'd and rub'd mine eyes, and ſhak'd off ſleepe,
And vnderſtanding that the Riuer went,
From *Boſton*, vp to *Lincolne*, and to *Trent*,
To *Humber*, *Owſe*, and *Yorke*, and (taking paine)
We need not come in ſight of Sea againe.
I lik'd the motion, and made haſt away
To *Lincolne*, which was 50. mile, that day.
Which Citty in the 3. King *Edwards* Raigne,
Was th'onely Staple, for this Kingdomes gaine
For Leather, Lead, and Wooll, and then was ſeene
Fiue times ten Churches there, but now Fifteene,
A braue Cathedrall Church there now doth ſtand,
That ſcarcely hath a fellow in this Land:
Tis for a Godly vſe, a goodly Frame,
And beares the bleſſed Virgin *Maryes* name.

* It is ſo cald in Mr. *Draytons* ſecond part of *Polyalbion* in his treatiſe of *Humber*.

The Towne is Ancient, and by Course of Fate,
Through Warres, and Time, defac'd and Ruinate,
But Monarchies, and Empires, Kingdomes, Crownes,
Haue rose or fell, as Fortune smiles or frownes:
And Townes, and Cities, haue their portions had
Of time-tost Variations, good and bad.
There is a Prouerbe, part of which is this,
They say that *Lincolne was, and London is.*
From thence we past a Ditch of Weedes and Mud,
Which they doe (falsely) there call * *Forcedike* Flood:
For I'le be sworne, no flood I could finde there,
But dirt and filth which scarce my Boate would beare,
'Tis 8. miles long, and there our paines was such,
As all our trauell did not seeme so much,
My men did wade, and draw the Boate like Horses,
And scarce could tugge her on with all our forces:
Moyl'd, toyl'd, myr'd, tyr'd, still lab'ring, euer doing,
Yet were we 9. long houres that 8. miles going.
At last when as the Day was well-nigh spent,
We got from *Forcedikes* floodlesse flood to *Trent.*
Eu'n as the Windowes of the Day did shut,
Downe *Trents* swift streame to *Gainsborough* we put,
There did we rest vntill the morning Starre,
The ioyfull doores of Dawning did vn-barre:
To *Humbers* churlish streames, our Course we fram'd,
So Nam'd, for Drowning of a King so nam'd.
And there the swift Ebbe tide ranne in such sort,
The Winde at East, the Waues brake thicke and short,
That in some doubts, it me began to strike,
For in my life, I ne're had seene the like.
My way was vp to *Yorke*, but my intent
Was contrary, for from the fall of *Trent*

* It is a passage cut through the land 8. miles from *Lincoln* into *Trent*, but through either the peoples pouerty or negligence it is grown vp with weeds, and mudde, so that in the Summer it is in many places almost dry.

I fifteene mile went downewards East Northeast,
When as my way was vpward West Southwest.
And as against the Winde we madly venter,
The Waues like Pirates boord our Boate and enter,
But though they came in fury, and amaine
Like Theeues we cast them ouer-boord againe.
This Conflict lasted two houres to the full,
Vntill we gat to *Kingstone* vpon *Hull:*
For to that Towne I had a Proued friend,
That Letters did and Commendations send
By me vnto the worthy Maiestrate,
The Maior, and some of's Brethren, in that State.
Besides I had some Letters, of like Charge
From my good Friend, the Master of the Barge
Vnto some friends of his, that they would there
Giue me **Hull* Cheese, and welcome and good Cheere.
Sunday at Mr. Maiors much Cheere and Wine
Where as the *Hall* did in the Parlour Dine,
At night with one that had bin Shrieue I Sup'd
Well entertain'd I was, and halfe well Cup'd:
On Monday noone, I was inuited than
To a graue Iusticer, an Alderman,
And there such Cheere as Earth and Waters yeeld,
Shew'd like a Harueſt in a plentious *Field.*
Another I must thanke for his Goodwill,
For he *Preſt * on* to bid me welcome still.
There is a Captaine of good Life and Fame
And, *God * with vs*, I oft haue call'd his Name.
He welcom'd me, as I had bin his fellow
Lent me his silken Colours, Blacke and Yellow,
Which to our Mast made fast, wee with a Drum
Did keepe, till we to *Yorke* in Triumph come.

*I went 15. mile out of *Trent* down *Humber*, on purpose to see *Hull*, when my way was quite contrary.

**Hull* Cheese, is much like a loafe out of a Brewers Basket, it is Compoſed of two simples, Mault and Water in one Cõpound, and is Cosen germain to the mightiest Ale in *England*.

*The meaning of hosemarks are onely knowne to the Townsmen there.

Thanke

Thankes to my louing Hoſt and Hoſteſſe *Peaſe*
There at mine Inne, each Night I tooke mine eaſe:
And there I gat a Cantle of *Hull Cheeſe*
One Euening late, I thanke thee * *Macabees.*
Kinde *Roger Parker*, many thankes to thee,
Thou ſhewedſt much-vndeſerued loue to me,
Layd my Boat ſafe, ſpent time, Coyne and endeauour,
And mad'ſt my money counted Copper euer.
But as at Feaſts, the firſt Courſe being paſt,
Men doe reſerue their Dainties till the laſt,
So my moſt thankes I euer whileſt I liue
Will to the Mayor, and his Bretheren giue,
But moſt of all, to ſhut vp all together
I giue him thanks that did Commend * me thither,
Their Loues (like *Humber*) ouer-flow'd the bankes,
And though I Ebbe in worth, I'le flowe in Thankes.
Thus leauing off the Men, now of the Towne
Some things which I obſeru'd I'le heere ſet downe:
And partly to declare it's praiſe and worth,
It is the onely Bulwarke of the North.
All other Townes for ſtrength to it may ſtrike,
And all the Northerne parts hath not the like,
The people from the Sea much Wealth haue wonne,
Each man doth liue as he were *Neptunes* Sonne.
Th'Antiquity thereof a man may Reede
In Reuerend *Cambdens* workes, and painefull *Speede*:
How in King *Edwards* Raigne firſt of that Name
Then called *Wike*. Then did they *Kingſton* frame,
And then the Townesmen cut a * Riuer there,
An exc'lent Hauen, a Defence or Peere:
Built with exceſſiue Charge, to ſaue it from
Fierce *Humbers* Raging, that each Tide doth come.

* An ingenious man named *Macabeus.*

* Mr. *I. I.*

* The Riuer of *Hull* is 20. miles in length, cut with mens labor to the infinite Commodity of the Countrey.

From time to time, more Greatnes ſtill it gain'd,
Till lately when the Eight King *Henry* Raign'd,
He made it greater, by his oft Reſort,
And many times kept there his Royall Court,
He Wall'd it well, built Battlements, and Gates,
And (more with Honour to augment their States)
He built two Blockhouſes, and Caſtle ſtrong
To Guard the Towne from all Inuaſiue wrong.
He gaue them much Munition, Swords, Shafts, Bowes,
And Brazen Ordnance, as the world well knowes,
Which Guns he gaue them for the Townes defence,
But were it in 88. all borrowed thence,
With promiſe they againe ſhould be ſent backe,
But the performance euer hath bin ſlacke.
Now in this Yron age, their Guns I ſee,
Are mettle like the Age, and Yron be:
And glad they would be if they could obtaine,
To change that mettle, for their owne againe.
Foure well built Gates, with bolts, and lockes & barres
For ornament or ſtrength, in Peace or Warres:
Beſides to keepe their Foes the further out,
They can Drowne all the Land three miles about.
'Tis plentifully ſeru'd with Fleſh and Fiſh,
As cheape, as reaſonable men can wiſh.
And thus by Gods grace, and mans induſtry,
Dame Nature, or mens Art doth it ſupply.
Some 10. yeares ſince Freſh water there was ſcant,
But with much Coſt they haue ſupply'd that want:
By a moſt exc'lent Water-worke that's made,
And to the Towne in Pipes it is conuay'd,
Wrought with moſt Artificiall engines, and
Perform'd by th'Art of the Induſtrious hand

Of

Of Mr.* *William Maultby*, Gentleman,
So that each man of Note there alwayes can
But turne a Cocke within his Houſe and ſtill
They haue Freſh-water alwayes at their will,
This haue they all vnto their great Content,
For which they each doe pay a yearely Rent.
There is a Prouerbe, and a Prayer withall,
That we may not to three ſtrange places fall:
From *Hull*, from *Hallifax*, from *Hell*, 'tis thus,
From all theſe three, *Good Lord deliuer vs.*
This praying Prouerb's meaning to ſet downe,
Men doe not wiſh deliuerance from the Towne:
The Townes nam'd *Kingſtone*, *Hulls* the furious Riuer,
And from *Hulls* dangers, I ſay, *Lord deliuer.*
At *Halliſax*, the Law ſo ſharpe doth deale,
That who ſo more then 13. Pence doth ſteale,
They haue a Iynn that wondrous quicke and well,
Sends Thieues all Headleſſe vnto Heau'n or Hell.
From *Hell* each man ſayes, *Lord deliuer me*,
Becauſe from *Hell* can no Redemption be:
Men may eſcape from *Hull* and *Hallifax*,
But ſure in *Hell* their is a heauier taxe,
Let each one for themſelues in this agree
And pray, *from Hell good Lord deliuer me.*
The Prouerbe and the Prayer expounded plaine,
Now to the Orders of the Towne againe:
I thinke it merites praiſe for Gouernment,
More then all Townes in *Britaines* continent,
As firſt their Charity doth much appeare,
They for the Poore haue ſo * prouided there,
That if a man ſhould walke from Morne till Night,
He ſhall not ſee one Begger; nor a Mite

* He built another faire Waterwork, at *Yorke*, of Free-ſtone, which doth the Citty exceeding ſeruice.

A Prouerb,

* Marke for all is true.

Or any thing ſhall be demaunded euer,
But euery one there doth their beſt endeuour
To make the Idle worke, and to Relieue
Thoſe that are Olde and paſt, or Sicknes grieue.
All poore mens Children haue a Houſe moſt fit
Whereas they Sowe, and Spin, and Card, and Knit,
Where all of them haue ſomething ſtill to doe,
As their Capacities will reach vnto,
So that no Idle perſon, Olde or Young
Within the Towne doth harbour or belong.
It yearely coſts Fiue hundred pounds beſides,
To fence the Towne, from *Hull* and *Humbers* tydes,
For Stakes, for Bauins, Timber, Stones, and Piles,
All which are brought by Water many miles,
For Workmens labour, and a world of things,
Which on the Towne exceſſiue charges brings.
All which with perill, induſtry and ſweat,
They from the bowels of the Ocean get.
They haue a Bridewell, and an exc'lent skill
To make ſome people worke againſt their will:
And there they haue their Lodging and their meate,
Cleane Whips, and euery thing exceeding neate,
And thus with faire or foule meanes alwayes, they
Giue idle perſons little time to Play.
Beſides for euery Sea or Marine cauſe
They haue a houſe of *Trinity*, whoſe Lawes
And Orders, doe Confirme, or elſe Reforme
That which is Right, or that which wrongs deforme,
It is a Comely built well ordred place,
But that which moſt of all the Houſe doth grace,
Are roomes for Widdowes who are Olde and poore,
And haue bin Wiues to Marriners before.

They

They are for Houſe-roome, foode, or lodging, or
For firing, Chriſtianly prouided for,
And as ſome dye, ſome doe their places win,
As one goes out, another doth come in.
Should I in all thinges giue the Towne it's due,
Some fooles would ſay I flatter'd, writ vntrue:
Or that I partiall in my writings were,
Becauſe they made me welcome, and good cheare:
But for all thoſe that haue ſuch thoughts of mee,
I rather wiſh that them I hang'd may ſee,
Then that they iuſtly could report, that I
Did Rime for victuals, hunger to ſupply.
Or that my Muſe, or working braines ſhould beate,
To flatter, fawne, or lye, for drinke or meate:
Let Trencher-Poets ſcrape for ſuch baſe vailes,
I'le take an Oare in hand when writing failes;
And 'twixt the Boate and Pen, I make no doubt,
But I ſhall ſhift to picke a liuing out,
Without baſe flatt'ry, or falſe coyned words
To mowldy Madames, or vnworthy Lords;
Or whatſoe're degree, or Townes, or Nations
I euer did, and ſtill will ſcorne ſuch faſhions.
Hearesay,* ſometimes vpon a lye may light,
But what I ſee and know, I dare to write.
Mine eyes did view before my Pen ſet downe,
Theſe thinges that I haue written of this Towne.
A new built Cuſtome-houſe, a faire Towne-Hall,
For ſolemne meetings, or a Feſtiuall:
A Maior, twelue Aldermen, one Shriefe, Recorder,
A Towne-Clarke, altogether in one order,
And vniformity doe gouerne ſo,
They need not flatter friend, or feare a foe.

* I Write not by heare-ſay.

A Sword,

A Sword, a Cap of maintenance, a Mace
Great, and well Guilt, to doe the Towne more grace:
Are borne before the Maior, and Aldermen,
And on Feſtiuities, or high dayes then
Thoſe Maieſtrates their Scarlet Gownes doe weare,
And haue Sixe Sergeants to attend each yeare.
Now let men ſay what Towne in *England* is,
That truely can compare it ſelfe with this:
For Scituation, ſtrength, and Gouernment,
For Charity, for Plenty, for Content,
For ſtate? and one thing more I there was tolde,
Not one *Recuſant*, all the Towne doth holde,
Nor (as they ſay) there 's not a *Puritan*,
Or any noſe-wiſe foole *Preciſſian*,
But great and ſmall, with one conſent and will,
Obey his Maieſties Iniunctions ſtill.
They ſay that once therein two Siſters dwelt,
Which inwardly the pricke of Conſcience felt,
They came to *London*, (hauing wherewithall)
To buy two Bibles, all *Canonicall*,
Th' *Apocripha* did put them in ſome doubt,
And therefore both their Bookes were bound without.
Except thoſe two I ne're did heare of any
At *Hull*, though many places haue too many.
But as one ſcabbed ſheepe a flocke may marre,
So there's one man, whoſe noſe did ſtand a jarre:
Talk'd very ſcuruily, and look'd aſcue,
Becauſe I in a worthy Townes-man Pue,
Was plac'd at Church, when (God knowes) I ne're
To ſit there, I was by the Owner brought. (thought,
This Squire of low degree, diſpleaſed than,
Said, I at moſt was but a Water-man.

And

And that they ſuch great kindneſſe ſetting forth,
Made more a'th fleſh, then e're the broth was worth:
Which I confeſſe, but yet I anſwere make,
'Twas more then I with manners could forſake:
He ſure is ſome high minded *Phariſie*,
Or elſe infected with their Hereſie,
And muſt be-ſet downe in their Catalogues,
They lou'd the higheſt ſeates in Sinagogues.
And ſo (perhaps) doth he, for aught I know
He may be mounted when I ſit below:
But let him not a Water-man deſpiſe,
For from the water he himſelfe did riſe,
And windes and water both on him hath ſmil'd
Elſe, the great Marchant he had n'ere beene ſtil'd:
His Character I finely will contriue,
He's ſcornfull proud, and tatling talkatiue:
A great Ingroſſer of ſtrange ſpeech and newes,
And one that would ſit in the higheſt Pues,
But bate an Ace, he'le hardly winne the game,
And if I liſt, I could *rake* * out his name.
Thanks Mr. Maior, for my Bacon Gammon,
Thanks *Roger Parker* for my ſmall freſh Sammon,
'Twas ex'lent good, and more the truth to tell ye,
Boyl'd with a fine Plum-Pudding in the belly.
The ſixth of Auguſt, well accompanide
With beſt of Townes-men to the waters ſide,
There did I take my leaue, and to my Ship
I with my Drum and Colours quickly skip.
The one did dub a dub and rumble, braue
The *Enſigne* in the ayre did play and waue:
I launch'd, ſuppoſing all things had beene done,
Bownce, from the Block-houſe, quoth a roaring Gun,

* But I wes euer better with forks to ſcatter, then with Rakes to gather, therefore I would not haue the Townes-men to miſtake chalke for Cheeſe, or *Robert* for *Richard*.

And

And wauing Hats on both ſides, with content
I cride Adiew, adiew, and thence we went.
Vp *Humbers* flood that then amaine did ſwell,
Windes calme, and water quiet as a Well:
We Rowde to *Owſe*, with all our force and might,
To *Cawood* where we well were lodg'd all night.
The morrow, when as *Phœbus* gan to ſmile,
I forwards ſet to *Yorke*, eight little mile:
But two miles ſhort of *Yorke* I landed than,
To ſee that reuerend * Metropolitan,
That watchfull Shepheard, that with Care doth keepe,
Th'infernall Wolfe, from Heau'ns ſupernall Sheepe:
That painefull Preacher, that moſt free Almes-giuer,
That though he liue long, is too ſhort a liuer:
That man whoſe age the poore doe all lament,
All knowing, when his Pilgrimage is ſpent,
When Earth to Earth returnes, as Natures debter,
They feare the Prouerbe, *Seldome comes the better.*
His Doctrine and example, ſpeake his due,
And what all people ſayes, muſt needes be true.
In duty I moſt humbly thanke his Grace,
He at his Table made me haue a place,
And meate and drinke, and gold he gaue me there,
Whilſt all my Crue it'h Hall were fill'd with cheere:
So hauing din'd, from thence we quickly paſt,
Through *Owſe* ſtrong Bridge, to *Yorke* faire Citie laſt,
Our drowning ſcap'd, more danger was enſuing,
'Twas Size time there, and hanging was a brewing:
But had our faults beene ne're ſo Capitall,
We at the Vintners Barre durſt anſwere all.
Then to the good Lord Maior I went, and told
What labour, and what dangers manifold,

* At *Biſhopſthorpe*, wher the right reuerend Father in God, *Toby Mathew* Archbiſhop of *Yorke* his Grace, did make mee welcome.

My

My fellow and my ſelfe had paſt at Seas,
And if it might his noble Lordſhip pleaſe,
The Boat that did from *London* thither ſwim
With vs, in duty we would giue to him.
His Lordſhip pawſing, with a reuerend hum,
My friend (quoth he) to morrow morning come,
In the meane ſpace I'le of the matter thinke,
And ſo he bad me to goe neere and drinke.
I dranke a Cup of Claret, and ſome Beere,
And ſure (for aught I know) he [a]KEEPES good cheere.
I gaue his Lordſhip in red guilded leather,
A well bound Booke, of all my Workes together,
Which he did take [b].
There in the Citie were ſome men of note,
That gladly would giue money for our Boat:
But all this while good manners bad vs ſtay,
To haue my good Lord Maiors yea, or nay.
But after long demurring of the matter [c],
He well was pleas'd to ſee her on the water,
And then my men Rowde halfe an houre or more,
Whilſt he ſtood viewing her vpon the ſhore.
They bore his Lordſhips Children in her there,
And many others, as ſhe well could beare.
At which his Honour was exceeding merry,
Saying it was a pretty nimble Wherry:
But when my men had taken all this paines,
Into their eyes they might haue put their gaines.
Vnto his Shop he did [d] perambulate,
And there amongſt his Barres of Iron ſate.
I ask'd him if he would our Boat forgoe,
Or haue her, and his Lordſhip anſwer'd, *No.*
I tooke him at his word, and ſaid God buye,
And gladly with my Boate away went I.

[a] There is ſome odds betweene keeping & ſpending.

[b] Heere I make a full point, for I receiued not a poins in exchange.

[c] I thought it my duty (being we had come a dangerous voyage) to offer our Boat to the chief Maieſtrate. For why ſhould not my Boat be as good a monument as *Tom Coriats* euerlaſting ouer-trampling land-conquering Shooes, thought I?

[d] And forgat to ſay, I thanke you good fellowes.

I ſold

I ſold the Boat, as I ſuppos'd moſt meete,
To honeſt Mr. *Kayes*, in Cunny ſtreete:
He entertain'd me well, for which I thanke him,
And gratefully, amongſt my friends I'le ranke him.
My kinde remembrance here I put in paper,
To worthy Mr. *Hemſworth* there, a Draper.
Amongſt the reſt he's one that I muſt thanke,
With his good wife, and honeſt brother *Franke*.
Now for the Citie, 'Tis of ſtate and Port,
Where Emperors & Kings haue kept their Court,
989. yeare, the foundation
Was layde, before our Sauiours incarnation,
By * *Ebrank* who a Temple there did reare,
(And plac'd a † Flammin to *Diana* there,
But when King *Lucius* here the Scepter ſwayde
The Idols leuell with the ground were layde.
Then *Eleutherius*, Romes high Biſhop plac'd,
An Archbiſhop at *Yorke*, with Tytles *grac'd*.
Then after Chriſt 627.
Was *Edwin* * baptiz'd by the grace of heauen,
He pluck'd the Minſter downe, that then was wood,
And made it ſtone, a deede both great and good.
The Citie oft hath knowne the chaunce of warres,
Of cruell forraigne, and of home-bred iarres.
And thoſe that further pleaſe thereof to read,
May turne the volumes of great *Hollinſhead*.
'Tis large, 'tis pleaſant and magnificent,
The Norths moſt fertile famous ornament:
'Tis rich and populous, and hath indeede
No want of any thing to ſerue their neede.
Abundance doth that noble Citie make
Much abler to beſtow, then neede to take.

* A ſubſtãtiall worthy Citizen, who hath beene Shriefe of *Yorke*, and now keeps the *George* in Cunny ſtreete.

* *Ebrank* was the 5. K. of *Britaine*, after *Brute*.

† An Arch-Flammin which was as an Idolatrous high Prieſt to *Diana*.

* *Edwin* and his whole family were baptized there on Eaſter day the 12. of Aprill 627.

* *Yorkſhire* the greateſt ſhire in *England*, and 308. miles about. *Speed*.

So farewell *Yorke*, the tenth of Auguſt then
Away came I for *London* with my men.
To dinner I to *Pomfret* quickly rôde,
Where good hote Veniſon ſtay'd for my abode,
I thanke the worſhipfull *George Shillito*,
He fill'd my men and me, and let vs goe.
There did I well view ouer twice or thrice,
A ſtrong, a faire, and auncient Edifice:
Reedifide, where it was ruin'd moſt
At th'high and hopefull Prince * of *Wales* his coſt.
I ſaw the roome where *Exton* * and his rowt
Of Traytors, Royall *Richards* braines beat out:
And if that King did ſtriue ſo many blowes,
As hackes and hewes vpon one pillar ſhowes,
There are one hundred ſlaſhes, he withſtood,
Before the Villaines ſhed his Kingly blood.
From *Pomfret* then, vnto my noble Friend,
Sir *Robert Swift* at *Doncaſter* we wend,
An ancient Knight, of a moſt generous ſpirit,
Who made me welcome farre beyond my merit.
From thence by *Newarke*, I to *Stamford* paſt,
And ſo in time to *London* at the laſt.
With friends and neighbours all with louing hearts,
Did welcome me with pottes pintes and quarts.
Which made my Muſe more glib, and lyth to tell
This ſtory of my Voyage. So farewell.

* *Pomfret* Caſtle.
* Prince *Charles*.
* Sir *Peirce* of *Exton* Knight. King *Richard* the 2. murdered there.

An Epi-

An Epilogue.

Thus haue I brought to end a worke of paine,
I wiſh it may requite me with ſome gaine:
For well I wote the dangers where I ventered,
No full bag'd man would euer durſt haue entered:
But hauing further ſhores for to diſcouer
Hereafter, now my Pen doth heere giue ouer.

FINIS.



"*Great Mogul's Landlord, of both Indies King,*
Whose self-admiring fame doth loudly ring;
Writes fourscore Years, more Kingdoms he hath right to,
The Stars say so, and for them he will fight too:
And though this worthless Age, will not believe him,
But clatter, spatter, slander, scoff, to grieve him;
Yet He and all the World in this agree,
That such another Toole will never be."

Publish'd by W. Richardson Castle Street, Leicester Fields.

THE GREAT O Toole.

ENglands, Scotlands, Irelands Mirror,
Mars his fellow, Rebels Terror:
These Lines doe gallop for their pleasure,
Writ with neither feete or measure;
Because Prose, Verse, or Anticke Story,
Cannot Blaze O Tooles great Glory.

LONDON.
Printed for Henry Gosson.
1622.

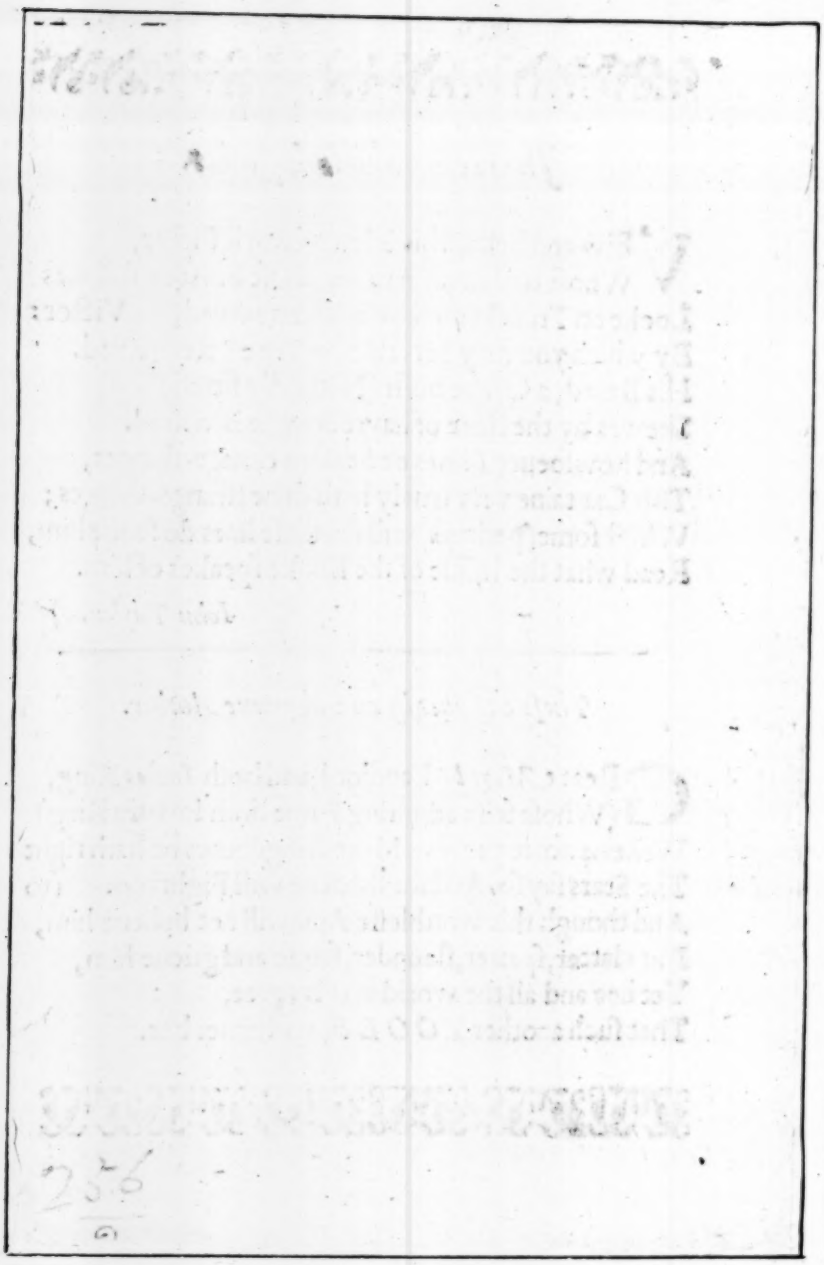
In Memorabilem Effigiem.

VEiw and behold his Monumentall Victor,
Whoſe trade was Armes, whoſe Fortune ſtill was
Looke on Truncheon how it is becrowned, Victor:
By which you may perceiue how hee's Renowned.
His Beard, a Graue buſh (Naturally fitted)
Shewes by the ſtore of hayre how he is witted.
And howſoeuer Times or Seaſons change-thinges,
This Captaine very truely hath done ſtrange-thinges;
Whilſt ſome (perhaps) will ſay theſe lines do ſcoffe him,
Read what the Inſide of the Booke ſpeakes of him.

Iohn Taylor.

Theſe 8. Lines by an vnknowne Author.

GReat *Mogul*: Landlord, and both *Indies* King,
(Whoſe ſelfe admiring Fame doth lowdly Ring)
Writes 4. ſcore yeares: More Kingdomes he hath right
The Stars ſay ſo. And for them he will Fight too. (to
And though this worthleſſe Age will not belieue him,
But clatter, ſpatter, ſlaunder, ſcoffe and grieue him,
Yet hee and all the world in this agree,
That ſuch another *TOOLE*, will neuer bee.



AN ENCOMIVM OR ENCO-MI-ASS-TRICK,

dedicated to the vnlimited memory of *Arthur O Toole*, or *O Toole* the Great: Being the Son and Heyre of *Brian O Toole*, Lord of *Poores* Court and farre *Collen*, in the County of *Dublin*, in the Kingdome of *Ireland*. The *Mars* and *Mercury*, the *Agamemnon* and *Vlisses* both for Wisedome and Valour, in the Kingdomes of Great *Britaine* and *Ireland*.

Prologue.

BRaue Vsquebough that fierce *Hibernian* liquor,
Assist my braine, and make my wit run quicker:
To heate my *Muse* like to a well warm'd Chim-
I beg thy merry ayde kinde *Polihimny*. (ney,
I list not to call Fables into question,
Nor of *Baboones*, or idle bables jest I on:

Prologue.

And yet if Sence or reaſon heere you looke for,
For neither, or for either read this Booke for.
And if perchance I doe in any word lye,
Doe, as I writ it, reade it o're abſurdly;
Though in theſe dayes there are a Crew of fond men,
That for inuention ſtriue to goe beyond men,
And write ſo humerous Dogmaticall,
To pleaſe my Lord and Lady what d'ee Call,
With Inkehorne tearmes ſtiffe quilted and bumbaſted,
And (though not vnderſtood) yet are well taſted.
And therefore Ile not reach beyond the bounds of
My weake capacity, nor ſearch the ſounds of
Deepe *Natures* ſecrets, or *Arts* ſpacious cirquit:
My *Muſe* is free from thoſe, my ſelfe will her quit.
But leauing Idle toyes, with toyle endure I on,
To write the praiſe of this braue bolde *Centurion*.

The Argument and meaning, of this following Hiſtory.

IN all Ages and Countryes, it hath euer bin knowne, that Famous men haue floriſhed, whoſe worthy Actions, and Eminency of place, haue euer beene as conſpicuous Beacons Burning and blazing to the Spectators view: the ſparkes & flames wherof hath ſometimes kindled Courage in the moſt coldeſt and Effeminate Cowards; as Therſites amongſt the Grecians, Amadis de Gaule, and Sir Huon of Burdeaux in France, Sir Beuis, Gogmagog, Chinon, Palmerine, Lancelot, & Sir Triſtram amongſt vs heere in England, Sir Degre, Sir Grime, and Sir Gray Steele in Scotland, Don Quixot with the Spaniards, Gargantua almoſt no where, Sir Dagonet, and Sir Triamore any where, all theſe, and many more of the like Ranke

The Argument.

haue fill'd whole Volumes, with the ayrie Imaginations of their vnknowne and vnmatchable worthes; So Ireland *amongst the reſt, had the Honor to produce and breed a ſparke of Valour, Wiſedome, and Magnanimity, to whom all the Nations of the world muſt giue place. The Great* O Toole, *is the toole that my Muſe takes in hand, whoſe praiſes (if they ſhould be ſet forth to the full) would make* Apollo *and the* Muſes *Barren; To whom the Nine Worthyes were neuer to be compared: betwixt whom, and* Haniball, Scipio, *the Great* Pompey, *or* Tamberlaine, *was ſuch oddes, that it was vnfit the beſt of them ſhould holde his ſtirrop, and who (by his owne Report) in whome* Ireland *may reioyce, and* England *be merry, whoſe Youth was Dedicated to* Mars, *and his Age to* Weſtminſter, *which ancient Citty, is now honour'd with his beloued Reſidence.*

TO

¶ To the Honor of the Noble Captaine O TOOLE.

THou *Famous* man, Eſt, weſt, & North, & Southward,
From *Boreas* colde rump, t' *Auſters* ſlauering mouth
I call *Apolloes* daughters all, to witnes, (ward,
Much would I praiſe thee, but my Wit wants fitnes.
But thou thy ſelfe (of thy ſelfe) canſt ſpeake ſo-well,
That though my Rimes not altogether goe-well,
Yet if the Worlds applauſe would not attend thee,
were all tongues mute, thy own tongue would commend
Thy ſelfe (vnto thy ſelfe) art *Fames* Trump blaſting, (thee
To make thy name (like *Buſſe*) tough, long and laſting.
Yet graunt me (thou braue man that ne're feard coulers)
T'accept the poore Lines of an Artles Scullers.
Thy *Bilboe* ofte bath'd in the blood of thoe mans,
Like *Caius Marius*, Conſull of the Romans:

When

To the Honour

When thou haſt ſeem'd more dreadfull in thy harneſſe,
Then Babels Generall great *Holophernes*,
More in commaund then was *Nabuchadnezzar*,
And more renownd then *Cayus Iulius Cæſar*:
Vpon thy foes breſt thou haſt often troad free,
As on the Pagans did braue Boloignes *Godfrey*.
Fierce *Methridates* the ſtout King of *Pontus*,
If thou doſt lead vs, dares not to confront vs:
Thy matchles vallour, ten to one more tride is,
Then euer was the *Libian* ſtrong *Alcides*:
And all men know that neuer ſuch an od piece
Of fighting mettle, ſprung from *Mars* his Codpiece.
Vpon the maine land and the raging Ocean,
Thy courage hath attaind thee high promotion.
Thou neuer fear'dſt to combate with *Gargantu*,
Thy fame's beyond the battle of *Lepanto*.
The mighty *Alexander* of *Macedo*,
Nere fought as thou haſt done with thy *Toledo*.
We hold thee for a worthy and no baſe one,
But one that could haue won the fleece from *Iaſon*:
Thou durſt oppoſe 'gainſt Bore, Beare Wolfe or Lion,
And from the torturing wheele to fetch *Ixion*,

And

And I acknowledge that thy matchles vallour is,
To kill *Paſiphaes* or the Bull of *Phalleris*,
Though age hath ouertane thee, yet thy will is,
To grapple with an *Aiax* or *Achilles*,
Or with Hells Monarch enuious ill fac'd *Pluto*,
And proue him by his hornes a dambd *Cornuto*.
Thou fearſt no Diuell, nor no *Demogorgon*,
Nor yet the valiant Welchman *Shon a Morgan*:
So that moſt Wizards and moſt fortune tellers,
Approue thee for the greatſt of Monſter quellers:
And abſolute and potent Dominator,
For War or Counſell both by land and Water,
In times of tumult thou amongſt the *Iriſh*,
Haſt made them skip ore bogs and quagmires miriſh,
Whilſt in the purſuit, like an angry Dragon,
Thou mad'ſt them run away with not a rag on.
For had thy foes bin Thouſands, with thy Piſtall,
And thy good ſword, thou brauely wouldſt Reſiſt all.
Thou waſt to vs, as vnto Rome was *Titus*,
And ſtoutly ſent our foes to black *Cocitus*.
To kill, and cut throats, thou art skild in that trick,
As if thou wert the Champion to Saint *Patrick*:

I know

To the Honour

I know not to which worthy to compare thee,
For were they liuing, they could not out-dare thee.
To thee what was great *Tamberlaine* the *Tartar*,
Or matcht with thee what was our Brittaine *Arthur?*
Great *Haniball*, that famous *Carthaginian*,
Was not a mate for thee in mine opinion,
And all *Seuerus* vertues, ſum'd vp totall,
Remaine in thee, if this blinde Age would note all.
Thou ſhewdſt thy ſelfe a doughty wight at *Dublin*,
When *Iriſh* Rebells madly brought the trouble in:
At *Baltimore*, *Kinſale*, at *Corke*, and *Yoghall*,
Thou with thy power haſt made them oft cry fogh all,
Oft in thy rage, thou haſt moſt madly Ran on,
The burning mouth of the cumbuſtious Cannon.
For in thy fury, thou haſt oft beene hotter,
More ſwifter then an Ambler, or a Trotter,
As witnes can the bounds of fierce *Tirconnell*,
and the rough Bickerings with the ſtout *Odonnell*.
The ſlaues did ſcud before thee o're the Quagmires:
Where many a warlike Horſe, & many a Nagge mires:
Thou kildſt the gammon viſag'd poore *Weſtphalians*,
The Al-to-totterd, torne *Tatterdemalians*:

The

of *Otoole.*

The broaging, roaging, brauling, baſe *Bezonians*:
The ſwift foot, light heeld, run away *Slauonians*,
Thou letſt them haue no ground to ſtand or walke on,
But made them flye as Doues doe from a Falcon.
For if thou liſt in fight to leade a Band on,
Thy ſlaughtering ſword if thou but layſt thy hand on
Thy fearefull foes would ſtraight the place abandon,
Without or hoſe, or ſhooes, ſhirt, or a band on:
Thou letſt them haue no quiet place to ſtand on.
By tongue or pen it cannot well be verifide,
How many hundred thouſands thou haſt terrifide,
For thou haſt rac'd more Caſtles, forts and Garriſons,
Beyond Arithmeticke, and paſt compariſons:
The Prouerbe ſayes Compariſons are odious,
I'le therefore leaue them being incomodious.
In all thy actions thou haſt beene impartiall,
Accomodating thy deſignes as Martiall,
In mortall Battells and in bruiſing battery,
Thy eares would entertain no ſmooth tongu'd flattery,
That though to all men thy exploits ſeem'd very od,
Thou broughſt them ſtill to an auſpitious Period.

Like

To the Honour

And as thy valour durſt out-dare bold *Hector*,
Like wiſe *Vliſſes* thou canſt ſpeake a Lector
Such pollicies thy wits mint could deuiſe on,
Which wiſer pates could neuer once ſurmiſe on:
With many a hundred neuer heard of Stratagem,
Thou haſt got pretious honour, is not that a Iem?
What tricks, or ſlights of war ſo ere the foe meant,
Thou canſt deſcry and fruſtrate in a moment.

Vpon

---

of Otoole.

Vpon his Wiſedome, and Pollicy.

OF thy *Heroick* acts, there might be more ſaid,
For ſure they are but ſlightly toucht aforeſaid,
But *Gods* or *Muſes*, Men, or Fiends infernall,
To blaze thee to thy worth, cannere diſcerne all:
And ſhould I write but halfe that I know of thee,
Some Critticks would perſwade thee I did ſcoffe thee.
Thus hauing ſhewd thy vallour, now Ile expound,
Part of thy pollicies, and wiſedome profound.
Vnfellowed, and vnfollowed, and vnmatched,
Are the rare ſleights that in thy pate were hatched:
Of Engines, Mines, of Counterſcarphs and Trenches,
And to keepe cleare the Camp from whoring wenches:
To teach the Soldiers eate frogges, ſnailes and vermine,
Such Stratagems as theſe thou couldſt determine.
That *Cato*, *Plato*, or *Aurelius Marcus*,
Wiſe *Socrates*, or reuerend *Ariſtarcus*,
Diogenes, or wiſe *Pithagoras*,
Lucurgus, *Pliny*, *Anaxagoras*,

Archidamus

To the Honour

Archidamus of Greece, or Romane *Tully*,
Could nere demonſtrate Sapience more fully.
And ſpecially when there was any trouble like,
To vexe, moleſt, or trouble the Republike.
That wit with valour, valour ioynd with wiſdome,
From all the world thou haſt attained this doome:
To be wars Abſtract, Counſells Catechiſer,
That canſt direct all, and all ſcarce the wiſer.

A Complaint and a Petition to him.

THus thou of Yore haſt followed great *Belona*,
And ſhin'd in Armes like twins of bright *Latona*:
But now thoſe manly martiall dayes are gone.
Time of Cheating, ſwearing, drinking, drabbing,
Of Burſt gut feeding and inhumane ſtabbing,
The Spaniſh *Pip*, or elſe the *Galian Morbus*,
Bone-bred diſeaſes, mainely doe diſturbe vs:
That now more men by ryot are confounded,
Then valiant Soldiers in the wars were wounded.
Mars yeelds to *Venus*. Gown-men rules the roaſt now,
And men of War may faſt, or kiſſe the poſt now.

The

of Otoole.

The thundring Cannon and the rumbling Drum now,
The Inſtruments of War are mute and dumbe now,
And ſtout experienc't valiant Commanders,
Are turn'd Saint *Nicholas* Clarks & high way ſtanders.
And ſome (through want) are turn'd baſe Pimps & Pan-
The watchfull Corporall, and the Lanſprezado (ders,
Are Marchants turn'd, of ſmoaky Trinidado.
His ſhop, (a fadome compaſſe) now containes him,
Where midſt the miſty vapours he complaines him,
That he who hath made Forts and Caſtles caper
Liues now Camelion-like, by Ayre and Vaper.
Whilſt fooles & flatterers thriue, it greatly grieues him,
When all Trades fayle, Tobacco laſt relieues him.
Beſides each day ſome hound-like ſenting Sergeant.
Scoutes, gapes, pries, peyes, & tires on him for argeant:
And *Longlane Dogditch*, dambd ſoule wanting Brokers
The Common wealths bane & poore mens vnclokers,
The Countries Spunges, and the Citties ſoakers,
The Peaces Peſtilence, and Warriours choakers.
Theſe beate their hogs-heads all, to try concluſions
By baſe extorting, working our confuſions.

To the Honour

The Souldiers naked, by the Broakers bribing,
The Scriuener liues braue by ſophiſticke ſcribing
The ſlaues growe rich (and 'tis not to be wondred)
By taking Forty intreſt for a hundred.
And Naſty Beadles with their breath contaminous,
With what are you, and who goe there examine vs:
With hums and hawes, Sir reuerence, nods & becking,
With ſenceles nonſence, checkes and Counter checking:
The brownbild Rug-gownd bench doe thinke it fitting
To exerciſe their Office, by committing,
Where our expence, with Ale their faces varniſh,
Whileſt we incounterd, pay fines, fees and garniſh.
And Tyburne, Wapping, and St. *Thomas* Watrings,
Poore Soldiers ends, to euery neighbouring State rings.
Whilſt lowzy Ballad-mongers gape and looke out,
To ſet ſome Riming ſong, or Roging Booke out,
Where more then all is 'gainſt the dead imputed,
By which meanes men are doubly executed:
That ſure the Gallowes hath eate vp more Pe---ople,
Then would ſubdue and win *Conſtantinople*.
Orouze thee, rouze thee, then braue man of Action,
Make Fur-gown'd peace burſt into Armed faction:

Thou

of O*toole*.

Thou haſt a pate that canſt the State vnſettle,
Be as thou haſt beene then, a man of mettle
And now baſe Cowardize doth ſeeme to ruſt vs,
Into ſome worthy buſines, quickly thruſt vs,
Now ſhew thy ſelfe a noble *Ahaſhuerus*,
And once more make our brauing foes to feare vs,
Doe thou but leade vs on, and looke but Grimly
And make no doubt, weele doe the buſines trimly.
Mongſt all the tooles of warre, be thou great O *Toole*,
And neuer let the world eſteeme thee *no Foole*.
O make the wheele of reeling State, and *Fate* turne
In ſpight of ſullen melancholly *Saturne*
To Armes, but from the Armes of luſtfull *Venus*
I doe entreat thy warlike care to weane vs,
Let not the prick-eard power, of proude *Priapus*
In bonds of painted Curtezans intrap vs,
And Rouze vs from our Acts and thoughts libidinous,
That (Traytor-like) in ambuſh doe lye hid in vs.
Let not thy Tents of worthles Martiall diſcipline,
Be turn'd to ſtinking Tap-houſes to tipple in:
But make the freezing pot of num-cold war-boyle,
And bubble to a hurly burly Garboyle:

To the Honour

Doe as thou haſt done oft moſt noble *Spartan*,
Strike ſilken peace into a feauer Quartane;
Or elſe like *Phœbus* in his hot Meridian,
Aſtoniſh all the world with a Quotidian.
I know thy worth the world doth all admire on,
Then clad thy ſelfe in burniſht ſteele and Yron.
I know that all men knowes thou haſt been tride well,
Diſcreetly thou canſt talke, fight, run and ride well,
I know the reach of thy polliticke skull, can
Plucke rugged *Mars* from out the bed of *Vulcan*,
To make warre roare more loude then any Bull can,
I know thou canſt doe more then any Gull can.
I know thou hold'ſt it Valours ignominy,
To ſpend thy dayes in peacefull whip her Ginny.
Thy name & voyce, more fear'd then *Guy* of *Warwicke*,
Or the rough Rumbling, roaring *Meg* of *Barwicke*.
We ſhould doe ſomewhat, if wee once were Rouzed,
And (being Lowſie) we might then be Lowſed.
Encourage Souldiers to demeane them like men,
And meaſure Veluet with their Pikes braue Pikemen.
Let ſhouts & clamors, Woods, groues, dales, & hils fill,
With dreadfull noyſe & cries of follow, follow, kill, kill,

Let

of Otoole.

Let Drums cry dub, dub, and let Cannons thunder,
Tantara Trumpets, and let Cowards wonder:
Let Muſquets bounce, bounce, let the Welkin rumble,
Let Townes, Turrets, topſituruy tumble,
Doe this (as well I know thou canſt doo't wiſely)
Exceeding careles, feareles and preciſely.
And then thy Fame ſhall farther farre be noyſed,
Then *Titans* rayes, or *Iuſtice* ſcales are poyſed.
And ſince thou knoweſt mans time on earth is ſhort all,
Let mortall Actions make thy name Immortall.

Lenuoy.

IVdge O you Gentiles, what is writ is probable,
And though it ſeeme a bable, yet 'tis no bable.
Doome amongſt ill thinges, that the beſt is meant all,
And what's amiſſe, pray take as accidentall,
For like a puny practizing Aſtronomy,
And knowes no grounds nor rules ſo far o'regon am I:
In diuiug to his valours whirlepit bottome,
That like the Reuerend Sages of olde Gotam,
I now perceiue how much I ouerſhot am:

I'le

To the Honour

Ile wade no further in't, but in briefe breuity,
Abrupt, abſurd, abiect, thus caſt thus leaue it I.
Theſe fore'd Rimes, fully ſtuft with fruitleſſe labour,
Hath Curried my poore braine-pan like a Tabor:
And to recure me from this ſtrange quandary,
Hence *Vſquebaugh*, and welcome ſweet *Canary*.

FINIS.
